QVERELA
SIVE,
DIALOGVS ANIMÆ ET CORPORIS DAMNATI,
quem aiunt *S. Bernardum* composuisse.

Ex vetusto Codice *descripta.*

LONDINI
Ex officina *N.O.* sumptibus *Leonardi*

EX DONO
Bibl.
Bodl.
F. DOUCE.

THE DIALOGVE

Betwixt

The Soule and the Body

OF

A damned Man.

Each laying the fault vpon *other.*

Tranſcribed out of an *Antient Copy,*

AND

Put into plaine Engliſh Meeter.

LONDON

Printed by *N. O.* for *Leonard Becket*, and are to bee ſold at his Shoppe in the Temple neere the Church.

TO THE WORSHIPFVLL, MY WORTHILY BELOVED Friends, Hvgh Hare, Richard Brovvnlovv, George Crok and Iohn Walter Esquires, Benchers of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple.

Mercy, Grace, and Peace.

THE end, and higheſt happineſſe of a Chriſtian man is to honour God in this life, and to die well: The way to die well, is to liue well; and no better prouocation to good life, nor preparatiue to a good death, then a continuall and ſerious meditation of the mortality of this life, the certainty of our end, the vncertainty when and how; the terribleneſſe of the laſt iudgement, & the account that each one muſt make then, who haue not made it here before, and croſſed the det-booke of their ſins, by the bloud of the Lamb of God. This made an ancient Father cry out. *When I thinke of that day, I feare and tremble, For whether I eate or drinke, or what euer I doe, I thinke I heare that terrible Trumpet ſounding in mine eares; Ariſe yee dead and come to iudgement.* And to this end, the holy men of elder times willingly entertained all occaſions that might help them in theſe holy cogitations.

S. Hierome.

One euidence thereof is this ſhort and ſweete

may follow) being diuulged, and desired by many to bee Englished, I am therefore induced to make it common: This being an age that needs all helps to holinesse, and inticements to deuotion: And this the rather in as much as tho it was made in the Mist of Popery, euen not long after the Diuell was let loose; yet it is not tainted with Popish corrupion, nor scarce smels of any superstition; whereas it is stuft with godly truthes and wholesome instructions. My thoughts intended and dedicated it to your selues, & that worthy, vertuous, and religious Gentleman, now with God (the Brother to one of you in Nature, and to you all in faithfull Christian loue.) But seeing hee needes it not, God hauing prouided better things for him, and his soule now feeding on finer foode, in Gods glorious presence, and blessed vision of the Deity: take you it therefore, and that part of profite that might hereby haue falne to him, and that part of my loue, which herein I shewed him, diuide among you: And as hee hath left behind him to this Society, and all that knew him, the sweete smell of a good name, for his many religious, and morall vertues: So let mee leaue behind me this little Monument of the much loue my heart owes you, and shall bee willing to testifie by my beft seruice, as to this whole and Honourable Society in generall, so to your selues in perticular. To whom (without wrong to any other, I speake it) I haue beene peculiarly beholden, and by whom my Studies haue bene much aduanced. Now the God of Grace and Mercy, so guide you in the waies of holines & good works, that at your ends your body may not blame your soule, nor the soule the body; but both soule and body may haue cause to glorifie God their Creator, Redeemer, and sanctifier, in whose loue I leaue you, and rest yours in all Christian duty.

Interloquuntur.

AVctor.
Anima ſeparata.
Corpus exanime.
Dæmones.

AVCTOR.

NOctis ſub ſilentio
Tempore brumali
Deditus quodammodo
Somno ſpiritali:
Corpus carens video
Spiritu vitali,
De quo mihi viſio
Fit ſub formatali.

2

Cum dormirem paululum
Vigilando feſſus
Ecce quidam ſpiritus
Nouiter egreſſus
De prædicto corpore,
Vitijs oppreſſus,
Corporis, cum gemitu
Plangebat exceſſus.

The Speakers.

1 *The Authour.*
2 *A Soule departed.*
3 *A dead Carcase.*
4 *The Diuels.*

The Avthor.

1

IN ſilence of
A Winters night
A ſleeping, yet
Awaking ſpirit:
A liueleſſe body
To my ſight
Mee thought appeared
Thus addight.

2

In that my ſleepe
I did deſcry,
A ſoule departed
But lately
From that foule body
Which lay by,
Wailing with ſighes
And loud did cry.

Anima

Iuxta corpus anima
Stetit & plorauit,
Et eam cum gemitu
Sic interrogauit:
O caro miſerrima
Quis te ſic proſtrauit!
Quam Mundus tam proſpere
Pridie ditauit.

4

Nonne mundus pridie
Tibi ſubdebatur?
Nonne te prouincia
Tota verebatur?
Vbi nunc familia
Quæ te ſequebatur?
Cauda illa florida
Iam nunc amputatur.

5

Non es nunc in turribus
De petris quadratis,
Sed neq; in Palatijs
Magnæ largitatis,
Nunc delata feretro
Paruæ quantitatis
Iaces nunc in tumulo
Breuiore ſatis.

3

Fast by the Body
Thus she mones,
And questions it
With sighs and grones.
O wretched Flesh,
Thus low who makes thee lie,
Whom yesterday
The world had seene so high?

The Soule complaineth.

4

Wast not but yesterday
The world was thine?
And all the Countrey
Stood at thy deuotion?
Thy traine that followed thee
When thy Sunne did shine
Haue now forsaken thee:
(O dolefull alteration!)

5

Those Turrets gay
Of costly Masonry,
And larger Pallaces
Are not now thy roome,
But in a Coffin
Of small quantity,
Thou lyest interred
In a little tombe.

6

Quid tibi palatia
Prosunt vel quid ædes?
Vix nunc tuus tumulus
Bene capit pedes,
Quemquam falso iudicans
A modo non lædes,
Per te data nobis est
In inferno sedes.

7

Ego inquam anima
Nobilis creata,
Ad similitudinem
Domini formata,
Donis & virtutibus
Multis decorata,
At ab illa Anima
Quantum (heu) mutata.

8

O Caro miserrima
Mecum es damnata
Si scires supplicia
Nobis preparata
Vere, velis dicere
Heu quid fui nata
Vtinam ad tumulum
De ventre translata.

Thy

6

Thy Palaces, what helpe
They thee or buildings?
Thy graue vnneth's
Of largeneſſe for thy feete,
Hence-forth thou canſt
Hurt none with thy falſe iudgings,
For thy miſdeeds
In hell we both muſt meete.

7

I, I poore ſoule
Oh I a noble creature,
Formed and made
In likeneſſe of my God,
Adorn'd with Graces
Of moſt comely feature
Am now ſo chang'd
As fouler then a Toad,

8

O wretched fleſh
With me that art forlorne,
If thou couldſt know
How ſharpe our puniſhment?
How iuſtly mighteſt
Thou wiſh not to be borne
Or from the wombe
To tombe to haue bene hent.

9

Nec est mirum fateor,
Quia dum vixisti,
Quicquam benefacere
Me non permisisti;
Sed semper ad scelera
Pessima traxisti,
Vnde semper erimus
In dolore tristi.

10

In pœnis acerrimis
Sum & semper ero,
Nulla lingua seculi
Dicerent pro vero,
Vnam pœnam miseram
Quam infælix fero,
Sed quod magis doleo
Veniam non spero.

11

Vbi nunc sunt prædia
Quæ tu congregasti,
Vel celsa palatia
Turres quas fundasti,
Et nummorum copia
Quam tu plus amasti,
Gemmæ per quas annulis
Digitos ornasti.

9

This I confesse
No wonder, for in life
To one good deed
Thou neuer wouldst agree;
But to each greatest sinne
Didst runne with strife,
For which, for euer
Wee must damned bee.

10

I am, and aye must bee
In bitter paine,
No tongue of liuing man
Hath power to tell
One of the smallest
Torments I sustaine,
Where (which is worst)
I must for euer dwell.

11

Where be those Lord-ships
Thou hast laid together?
Thy lofty Pallaces
Thy Castles strong?
Thy heapes of gold
Which were thy chiefest treasure,
Thy rings and Iewels
Which about thee hung?

12

Vbi lecti strati sunt
Tam miri decoris.
Vestis mutatoria
Varij coloris
Species aromatum
Placidi saporis,
Vasa, mensæ, gausapæ
Niuei candoris.

13

Vbi modo volucres
Vel caro ferina
Vel murena nobiles,
Vel electa vina?
Non vitulis nec
Redolent coquina
Talis peccatoribus
Imminet ruina.

14

Tua domus qualiter
Tibi modo placet
Eius nonne summitas
Super nasum iacet?
Iam clauduntur Oculi
Lingua tua tacet
Nihil tibi superest
Quod iam lucro vacet.

12

Where thy rich beds
Thy ſumptuous Tapiſtry,
Thy change of raiment
Many couloured veſture?
Thy dainty Spices
(Baites of luxury)
Plate, Tables, Carpets
And rich furniture?

13

Where now thy wilde Foule,
And thy Veniſon,
Thy dainty fiſhes,
And thy choſen wine?
In thy now Kitchin
Meate is dreſſed none
Such plagues for ſinners
God doth ſtill aſſigne.

14

How lik'ſt thou now poore foole
Thy latter lodging,
The roofe whereof
Lies euen with thy noſe?
Thy eies are ſhut,
Thy tongue cannot be iogging,
Nothing of profite
Reſts at thy diſpoſe.

15

Quicquid dudum misero
Congregasti more,
Dolo, fraude, fœnore,
Metu, vel rigore:
Longæua per tempora
Magno cum labore,
A te totum rapiunt
Mors, humus, humore.

16

Non modo circumdaris
Amicorum choris,
Cum per mortem cecidit
Flos tui decoris:
Rapitur cuiuslibet
Vinculum amoris,
Tuæ iam tristitia
Cessauit vxoris.

17

In tuis parentibus
Amodo non speres,
Quia sibi remanent
Terræ, Bacchus, Ceres,
Et thesauri copia
Pro qua pœnas feres:
Mortem tuam breuiter
Plangit tuus hæres.

15

What erſt thou haſt
Moſt wretchedly bene ſcraping,
By Vſury, deceit,
Rage, and oppreſſion,
In all thy life, with toile
And greedy gaping,
Are hid by death
In earth and putrefaction.

16

Thou art not now
Begirt with troupes of friends,
The flower of all thy beauty
Lies in duſt:
The bands of euery loue
Doe here take end,
Yea, thine owne wife
Now thinkes all teares vniuſt.

17

In thy left kindred
Hence-forth truſt no more,
For, for thy vine-yards
Fields of graſſe and corne:
And (which thy plagues encreaſe)
Thy treaſured ſtore:
Few daies (know foole)
Thy after Heires will mourne,

18

Non credo quòd Mulier
Tua, ſiue nati,
Darent quinque iugera
Terræ ſiue prati.
Vt nos qui de medio
Sumus iam ſublati,
A pœnis redimerent,
Quas debemus pati.

19

Iam ſcis caro miſera,
Quàm ſit malè tuta,
Mundi nequum gloria,
Fallax & verſuta:
Repleta doloribus,
Vitijs polluta,
Et veneno dæmonum
Nequiter imbuta:

20

Pretioſis veſtibus
Non es nunc induta,
Tuum valet pallium,
Vix duo minuta,
Paruo linteamine
Iaces inuoluta,
Tibi modò pauperes
Non ferent tributa.

18

I doe not thinke
Thy wife, or children left
Would looſe on peny,
Or on patch of lands
For vs, which are from her
And them bereft,
Though it might quite vs,
From theſe horrid bands.

19

Now wretched fleſh thou ſeeſt
How nought reputed
Is the worlds glory,
Falſe, deceitfull, fell,
With anguiſh fraught,
VVith ſinne and vice polluted
And clothed in the
Noyſome bane of hell.

20

Thy garments, wretched foole,
Are farre from rich,
Thy vpper garment,
Hardly worth a ſcute:
A little linnen
Shroudes thee in thy ditch,
No rents nor gifts men bring,
Nor make their ſuite.

21

Et licet non ſentias
Nunc tormenta dura,
Scias quod ſupplicÿs
Non es caritura,
Nam teſtantur omnia
Scripturarum iura,
Quod tormenta poſt-modum
Mecum es paſſura.

22

Te qui pater pauperum
Non eras ſed prædo,
Iam rodunt in tumulo
Vermes & putredo
Sed vltra tecum nequeo
Stare, iam recedo
Neſcis ad oppoſita
Reſpondere credo.

23

eſpondet orpus.

TAndem poſtquam Anima,
Talia dixiſſet,
Seſe corpus erigens
Quaſi reuixiſſet,
Poſtquam vero gemitus
Multos emiſiſſet
Quærit, quiſnam talia
Locutus fuiſſet.

12

Thinke not, though yet
No torments thou endure,
Thou neuer ſhalt,
But ſleepe for euer free:
For all Gods Scriptures
Which are true and ſure,
Witneſſe, at laſt
Thou ſhalt be plagu'd with mee.

22

Thee which the poore
Didſt rob, and not defend
Wormes gnaw in earth
And rottenneſſe thy bone:
But longer ſtay I muſt not
Here I end,
To this, I trow,
Anſwer thou knoweſt none.

23

THus ſaid the ſoule: At laſt
The gaſtly Coarſe
Straines vp it ſelfe,
As being new reuiued:
And with deepe grones,
As if it had bene hoarſe,
Askt, who ſuch witleſſe
Reaſons had contriued?

The Bo
anſwere

24

Es tu, inquit, ſpiritus
Meus, qui ſic faris?
Non ſunt vera penitus
Cuncta, quæ cauſaris:
Iam probabo plenius,
Argumentis claris,
Quod, ſi quædam vera ſint,
In multis nugaris.

25

Fcci te (confiteor)
In multis errare,
Et à bonis actibus
Sæpè declinare.
Sed ſi caro faciat
Animam errare,
Plus eſt culpa ſpiritus,
Audi tamen quare.

26

Mundus & dæmonium
Fœdus pepigere,
Et carnem miſerrimam
Secum coiunxere,
Quam ſi rigor animi
Ceſſet coercere
In peccati foueam
Cadunt ambo verè.

24

Art thou, quoth it, my ſoule
VVhich thus doſt faine?
All that thou ſayſt
Is neither true nor ſtable:
For I will proue,
VVith arguments moſt plaine,
If ſome be true,
In many thou doſt fable.

25

I (as thou ſaiſt)
Haue led thee oft aſtray
And from well doing
Haue enforſt thy loue:
But if the fleſh
Can leade the ſoule away,
The faults more thine, then mine,
VVhich thus I proue.

26

The world and power of hell
Did both conſpire,
And did the fleſh
To them aſſociate;
VVhich if the conſtant
Soule cauſe not retire,
Both muſt needs enter
At ſins wretched gate.

27

Sed vt mihi dixeras
Deus te creauit,
Et bonam, & nobilem,
Sensu te ditauit
Et ad suam speciem
Pariter formauit
Vt ancilla fierem
Tibi me donauit.

28

Ergo si tu Domina
Creata fuisti
Et dabatur ratio,
Per quam debuisti
Nos in mundo regere:
Cur mihi fauisti
In rebus illicitis
Et non restitisti?

29

Num carnem vt animam
Iustum est culpari,
Quæ se, cum sit Domina
Sinit ancillari?
Nam caro per spiritum
Debet edomari,
Fame, siti, verbere
Si vult dominari.

27

But, as thou sayst,
Our God did thee create
Good, noble, vnderstanding
Hee thee made;
And like himselfe,
Hee fashioned thy state,
And made me seruant
To what ere thou said.

28

Therefore, if thou my
Mistresse ought to bee,
And reason had,
By which thy Office was
Vs both to gouerne:
Why didst thou suffer mee
Without restraint
In wicked race to passe?

29

I'st iust to charge
The body, as the Spirit?
Which being rightfull
Mistresse, yet will serue
To tame the flesh,
The Spirit ought of right
With abstinence, and
Stripes, if she'l not swerue.

30

Caro ſine ſpiritu
Nihil operatur:
Eius adminiculo
Viuens vegetatur.
Caro quæ per ſpiritum
Non ſuppeditatur,
Per mundi blanditias
Mox infatuatur.

31

Caro, quæ corrumpiter,
Per ſe malum neſcit,
Carni ſine ſpiritu
Nihil innoteſcit.
Si, quod iubes, exequor,
Culpa tibi creſcit.
Caro ſine ſpiritu,
Mortua quieſcit.

32

Si voluntas ſpiritus
In opus ducatur,
Per carnem pediſſequam
Caro quid culpatur?
Culpa tangit animam,
Per quam imperatur,
Id quod caro fragilis
Viuens operatur.

30

The bodies workes
Be from the ſoule deriued,
By meanes thereof
In life it flowriſheth:
That fleſh which by
The ſoule is not aſſiſted
By eaſy baites
The world ſoone vanquiſheth.

31

The body of it ſelfe
None ill hath knowne,
All that it knowes
Proceedeth from thy head:
If I doe what thou bidſt
The fault's thine owne,
For without thee
The body reſteth dead.

32

VVhy ſhould poore hand-maid
(Fleſh) be charg'd with blame
In working onely
As thy Inſtrument?
The ſoule commandeth all,
Hers be the ſhame
Of all my fraileties,
Since I want iudgement.

33

Carne quidem grauius
Tu peccasti crede,
Carnis sequens libitum
Fragilis & fœdæ.
Sed rodunt mea viscera
Vermes in hac æde
Iam non loquor amplius
Anima cecede.

34

Replicat Anima.

ADhæc dixit Anima
Tecum volo stare,
Et tua si potero
Dicta refrænare
Vt quid mihi loqueris
Corpus tam amare
Volens mihi penitus
Culpam imputare.

35

O caro miserima
Quæ viuens fuisti
Stulta, vanæ, friuola
A quo didicisti,
Verba tam asperrima
Quæ iam protulisti?
Licet in aliquibus
Recte respondisti.

33

Therefore I weene
Thy guilt exceedeth mine
In following my luſt
So fraile, and foule:
But oh the wormes do
Teare me in my ſhrine,
I therefore ſay no more
Fare-well poore Soule.

34

NAy (ſaid the Soule)
Ile ſtay by thee a while,
And if I can
Thine arguments confute:
VVhy rail'ſt thou on me
In this bitter ſtile,
Striuing to mee
Thy whole guilt to impute?

The Soule replies.

35

Moſt wretched fleſh
VVhich in thy time of life
VVaſt fooliſh, idle,
Vaine, why doſt thou wreak
Thy wrath in railing words
To make new ſtrife?
Though for the ſubſtance
'Tis true that thou doſt ſpeake.

36

Istud enim consonum
Scio veritati,
Restitisse debui
Tuæ voluntati;
Sed tua fragilitas
Prona voluptati,
Nugis mundi dedita
Noluit hoc pati.

37

Quando te volebam
O caro, castigare,
Verbere, vigilys,
Vel fame domare,
Mox te mundi vanitas
Cæpit effrænare,
Et illius friuolis
Coegit vacare.

38

Et ita dominium
De me suscepisti,
Perditrix domestica
De me sic fuisti.
Per mundi blanditias
Me post te traxisti,
In peccati puteum
Tandem me misisti.

36

For truth it is,
And ſtands with reaſon plaine,
I ſhould haue bridled thee
And ruled thy will,
But thou through loue
Of pleaſure foule & vaine,
And ſenſuall appetites
Mee reſiſted ſtill.

37

VVhen I would thee
O body, haue controul'd,
And haue ſubdu'd,
VVith watching, faſt, and paine,
Straight the worlds vanity
Did thee with-hold,
And to his vaine delights
Drew thee againe.

38

So thou of mee
Didſt get the vpper hand,
And of my mildneſſe
Made ſo bad conſtruction,
That thralling mee
In worldly pleaſures band
Eternally
Haſt drowned me in deſtruction.

39

Scio me culpabilem
Nam in hoc erraui
Quod cum essem Domina
Te non refrenaui.
Sed tu me deceperas
Fraude tam suaui
Quare tu deliqueras
Culpa magis graui.

40

Si mundi delitias
Dolos machinantis
Despexisses fatui
Sed & incantantis
Damonis astutias,
E cœlo Tonantis
Adhæsisses monitis,
Essemus cum sanctis.

41

Sed tamen tripudijs
Mundi fraus arrisit
Ac vitam diutinam
Firmiter promisit:
Quod mori non putabas,
Sed mors hæc emisit
Quando de palatio
Ad tumbam te misit.

I know my guilt,
And this my treſpaſſe was,
That being chiefe
I did not thee reſtraine:
But thou deceiuedſt me
With ſo faire a glaſſe,
That thy offence
The greater ought remaine.

40

The vaine worlds practiſes,
Baites and delights,
If thou hadſt left
With ſtedfaſt conſtancy,
And ſo with-ſtood
Sathans inchanting ſlieghts
Heauen had beneours,
With Saints and Deity.

41

But flattering fancies
Of the world did pleaſe,
And made thee hope
A laſting life to haue
Thou neuer thoughtſt:
To die, till death did ceaze:
And hal'd thee from
Thy Court to dirty graue.

Hominum fallacium
Mundus habet morem,
Quod magis amplectitur,
Quibus dat honorem,
Illos fallit citius
Per necis rigorem,
Et dat post diuitias
Vermes & fœtorem.

43

Qui tibi, dum vixerus,
Amici fuêre,
Iacentem in tumulo
Nolunt te videre.
Corpus hoc intelligens
Cæpit quasi flere,
Et verbis humilibus
Ita respondere.

44

espondet orpus.

QVi viuendo potui
Multis imperare,
Aurum, gemmas, prædia,
Nummos congregare,
Castella construere,
Gentes iuditare,
Putasne quod credidi
Tumulum hunc intrare?

42

The world, and subtile
Men, haue both one guise,
Where most it smiles
And most bestoweth honor,
There soonest it
Deceiues, soonest death cries
And changeth wealth
To wormes, to stench and horror.

43

Hee which in life
Did fawne and was thy friend,
Will not now cast
A looke vpon thy grate.
Then gan the Body weepe
Weighing this end,
And lowly, in his stile,
Such answere gaue.

44

The Body answereth

I in my life,
Which had so great command,
In Iewels, riches,
Lands did so abound:
Built Pallaces,
And iudged many a land.
Think'st thou I thought
Of Tombe in this base ground?

45

Optimè nunc video,
Et est mihi clarum,
Quòd nec auri Dominus,
Nec divitiarum;
Honor, vis, scientia,
Virtus nec herbarum,
Mortis possunt fugere
Stimulum amarum.

46

Ambo quidem possumus
A Christo culpari,
Et culpamur, fateor,
Sed non culpa pari,
Tibi culpa granior
Debet imputari
Multis rationibus
Potest hoc probari.

47

A sensato quolibet
Hoc non ignoratur,
Iura clamant, ratio
Pariter testantur,
Vt cui plus præ cæteris
Virtutum donatur,
Ab eo plus vtique
Tandem exigatur.

45

Oh, now I see,
And find it to my griefe,
That neither gold,
Nor wealth, nor larger rent:
Honour, strength, knowledge,
Nor soueraigne hearbs relieſe
Can cure deaths bitter
Sting, nor it preuent.

46

Before our God
We guilty both do stand,
And both in fault
But not both equally,
The greateſt burden
Lyeth on thy hand:
And this to proue,
Full many reaſons lie.

47

No wit ſo meane,
But this for truth it knows,
Iuſtice it ſelfe,
And reaſon both agree:
That where moſt gifts
Of vertue God beſtowes,
There moſt is due,
And ought repaied bee.

48

Vitam & memoriam
Sed & intellectum,
Tibi dedit Dominus,
Sensumque perfectum,
Quibus tu compescere
Dedebas affectum
Prauum, & diligere
Id quod erat rectum.

49

Postquam tot virtutibus
Ornata fuisti,
Et tu mihi fatua
Pronam te dedisti,
Meisque blanditijs
Minus restitisti,
Satis liquet omnibus,
Quod plus deliquisti.

50

Addo: licèt refero,
Corde cum amaro,
Quod mihi iam patens est
Argumento claro
Exeunte spiritu,
Agitne quid carò?
Mouet ne se posteà
Vel cito, vel raro?

48

Life, memory,
And powerfull vnderſtanding
God gaue to thee,
And with it ſence of might
Wherewith thou ſhouldſt
Haue curb'd at thy commanding
Concupiſence,
And followed that was right.

49

Then ſince thy dower
Of vertue, ſtretcht ſo farre,
And fooliſhly
Thou gaueſt thy ſelfe to mee
And my entiſements
Neuer wouldſt debarre,
That thy fault greateſt is
All men may ſee.

50

Further I adde
(With anguiſh of my heart)
Which mine owne caſe
Doth plainely demonſtrate:
The fleſh can nothing
Do, if ſoule depart
It neither moues,
Nor ſtirs, earely or late.

51

Videtne, vel loquitur,
Hoc est ergo clarum:
Spiritus viuificat,
Caro prodest parum.
Si haberet Anima
Deum suum charum,
Nunquàm caro vinceret
Vires animarum.

52

Si Deum dum vixeras,
Amasses perfectè,
Et si causas pauperum
Iudicasses rectè,
Nec prauorum hominum
Adhæsisses sectæ,
Nec me mundi vanitas
Concepisset, nec te.

53

Quæ viuebam splendidè
Sericis amicta,
Ecce quæ de omnibus
Sunt mihi relicta,
Putredo cum vermibus,
Et hæc domus stricta
Quibus post delicias
Mundi sum amicta.

51

It neither ſees,
Nor ſpeakes: then this is proued,
The ſoule giues life,
No power in fleſh doth reſt:
If then the ſoule
Rightly her God had loued,
The fleſh had neuer
Her great power ſuppreſt.

52

If Gods loue, liuing,
Thou hadſt holden deere,
And poore mens cauſes
Rightly, hadſt definde,
And vnto wicked
Counſels giuen no eare,
Nor mee, nor thee,
Worlds vanity had twin'd.

53

I that liu'd gay
And gorgeous in attire,
Loe, what of all
Now vnto me remaines;
Wormes, rottenneſſe,
And narrow lodge of mire,
Theſe after all
Delights, are left my gaines.

Et scio preterea,
Quod sum surrectura,
In die nouissimo,
Tecumque passura
Pœnas mortis perpetes:
Heu mors illa dura
Mors interminabilis,
Fine caritura.

55

Anima fatetur.

AD hæc clamat Anima,
Você cum obscura,
Heu si nunquam fuissem
In rerum natura
Cur permisit Dominus,
Vt sim creatura,
Cum præscita fuerim
Esse peritura?

56

O fœlix conditio
Pecorum bruterum,
Cadunt cum corporibus
Spiritus eorum
Nec post mortem subeunt
Loca tormentorum.
Talis esset vtinam
Finis impiorum.

54

And, oh, I know
That at the latter howre
I ſhall ariſe,
And as I did offend
With thee ſhall finde
A ſecond death moſt foure,
An euerlaſting
Death, death without end!

55

WIth hollow fearefull Voyce then houles the foule: The ſoule confeſſeth
Oh, had I not
Amongſt the creatures bone,
VVhy with his creatures,
Did God me enroule,
VVhom he foreknew
Should periſh thus for ſinne?

56

Happy are you
Brute beaſts, happy your ſtate
You wholly dye
At once, and onely rot:
Once dead, all torments
Ceaſe, ſuch is your fate.
Oh! were ſuch end
For ſinners, ſuch their lot.

57

Interogat Corpus.

Corpus post hæc loquitur
Animæ tam tristi:
Si tu apud inferos
Anima fuisti,
Dic mihi, te deprecor,
Quid ibi vidisti?
Si qua spes sit miseris
De dulcore Christi.

58

Quid ibi nobilibus
Paratur personis
Qui prius, dum vixerant,
Sedebant in thronis?
Si sit illis aliqua
Spes redemptionis,
Pro nummis, pro prædijs,
Cæterisque donis.

59

Anima rebondet.

Corpus, tua quæstio
Caret ratione,
Cum infernum subeunt
Damnatæ personæ.
Non est spes vlterius
De redemptione,
Nec pro eleëmosynis,
Vel oratione.

57

THen quoth the Body
To his pensiue Ghost,
If thou hast bene
Among the fiends in hell,
Tell me, I pray,
What saweſt thou in that Coaſt?
Is no helpe left,
From thence with Chriſt to dwell.

The Body askes the ſoule a queſtion.

58

For Kings and great men
What is their prouiſion,
Which liuing,
Lorded it in high degree,
For them, is any
Hope left of redemption
For mony,
Lands, bequeſts, or other fee?

59

THe queſtion, ſenceleſſe
Body, wanteth reaſon;
For when to hell
The wicked damned bee,
Redemption then is
Hopeleſſe, out of ſeaſon,
Bootleſſe are almes-deeds
Prayers and charity.

The Soule gines anſwere.

60

Si tota fidelium
Pietas oraret,
Si totam pecuniam
Mundus suam daret,
Si tota religio
Ieiunijs vacaret,
In inferno positum
Nunquàm liberaret.

61

Non daret diabolus
Ferus, & effrenis,
Vnam vinctam animam
In suis catenis,
Pro centenis millibus
Prædijs terrenis,
Nec quandoque sineret
Vt careret pœnis.

62

Ad hoc quod interrogas
Quid ibi paratur
Personis nobilibus,
Hoc pro lege datur,
Quanto quis in sæculo
Magis exaltatur,
Tanto cadit grauius,
Si transgrediatur.

60

If all the piety
Of all men ſhould pray,
If all the world
In price were offered,
If all good men ſhould
Faſt both night and day,
For this not one
Should be deliuered.

61

The roaring Diuell,
Cruell and full of rage.
For infinite of worlds,
Or any gaine,
VVould not forgoe
One ſoule, ſhut in his cage,
Nor eaſe his torments,
Nor make leſſe his paine.

62

And to thy queſtion,
VVhat is there prepared
For Lords and great ones,
Gods law is expreſſe:
The more that here,
One is aduanced or feared,
More fearefull is his fall,
If he tranſgreſſe.

63

Dives ergo moriens,
Si impius damnatur,
Grauibus præ cæteris
Pœnis implicatur.
Nam quanto delitijs
Plus delectabatur,
Tanto pœna grauior
Sibi deputatur.

64

Auctor in visione.

POstquam tales Animæ
Prompserat mœrores,
Ecce duo dæmones,
Pice nigriores,
Quos penna describere
Non possent scriptores,
Nec mundi depingere,
Totius pictores.

65

Ferreos in manibus
Stimulos gestantes,
Ignemque sulphureum
Per os emittentes,
Similes ligonibus
Sunt eorum dentes.
Visi sunt ex naribus
Prodire serpentes.

63

A rich man therefore
Dying in his sinne,
No man shall sharper
Torments feele then hee,
How much more pleasures
That he liued in,
So much more grieuous
Shall his torment bee.

64

AFter the soule had said,
These mournefull words,
Behold two Fiends
More blacke then pitch or night,
Whose shapes with pen
To write, no wit affordes,
Nor any hand of
Painter, pourtray right.

The Authour in vision.

65

Sharpe steely prickes
They did in each hand beare,
Sulfure and fire
Flaming, they breathed out,
Tusked their teeth
Like crooked Mattockes were,
And from their nosthrils,
Snakes crawl'd round about.

66

Aures erant patulæ,
Sanie fluentes,
Et erant in frontibus
Cornua gerentes,
Per extrema cornuum
Venenum fundentes,
Digitorum vngulæ
Vt aprorum dentes.

67

Isti cum funiculis
Animam cæperunt,
Quam secum ad inferos
Gementem traxerunt.
Mox maligni spiritus,
Passim occurrerunt,
Qui vice tripudij
Dentibus striderunt.

68

Et ei cum talibus
Votis applauserunt.
Quidem cum corrigis
Ipsam perstrinxerunt,
Quidem vncis ferreis
Ipsam disruperunt.
Quidem plumbum feruidum
In eam fuderunt.

66

There eares with running
Sores, hung flapping low
Foule filthy hornes, in their
Blacke browes they wore
Full of thicke poyſon
Which from them did flow,
Their nailes were like
The tuſhes of a bore.

67

Theſe Fiends in chaines,
Faſt bound this wretched ſoule,
And with them, hal'd her,
Howling into hell:
To whom, on flockes,
Ran other diuels more,
And gnaſhing with their teeth
To dancing fell.

68

They welcomed her, with
Greetings, full of woe,
Some wreſted her with cordes
Senceleſſe of dread,
Some ſnatcht and tore with hookes
Drawne to and fro;
Some for her welcome
Powr'd on ſcalding lead.

69

emones. Adhæc dicunt dæmones,
Quasi fatigati,
Ij qui nobis seruiunt,
Sic sunt honorati,
Possis modo dicere
Sicut bufo crati.
Sed debes in centuplum
Duriora pati.

70

nima ex- Posthæc tandem Anima
mat. Gemens suspirauit.
Et voce qua poterat,
Parum murmurauit:
Quando vero baratri
Limen subintrauit,
Eiulans insonuit
Iesv Fili Dauid.

71

emones Conclamantes dæmones
spondent. Responderunt ei:
Tardè nimis inuocas
Nomen tui Dei.
Parum prodest àmodò,
Miserere mei,
Non est vltra veniæ
Spes, non requiei.

69

SVch horror wee do
On our seruants load,
Then (as halfe wearied)
The diuels cried,
Now art thou worse
Then was the crawling Toade,
Yet thousand-fould
VVorse torments thee abide.

Diuels.

70

AFter all this, the groaning
Soule deepe sighed,
And with what voyce
It could, low murmured;
But when within the gates
Of hell shee entred,
Shee howled out,
IESVS the sonne of *David*.

The Soul cries out.

71

THen all the diuels
Together loud did cry,
Too late, too late,
Thou callest on thy God,
Here is no roome
For *Miserere mei*;
No hope of easement
From this bitter rod.

The diuels answere.

72

Non lumen de cætero
Videbis diei,
Decor iam mutabitur
Tuæ faciei
Nostræ sociaberis
Dehinc aciei.
Erit apud inferos
Hoc solamen ei.

73

Auctor concludit.

TAlia dum videram
Dormiens, expaui,
Et extra me positus,
Statim vigilaui,
Mox expansis manibus
Ad Deum clamaui,
Orans vt me protegat
A pœna tam graui.

74

Et mundum cum friuolis
Suis condemnaui.
Aurum, gemmas, prædia
Nihil reputaui.
Rebus transitorijs
Abrenunciaui,
Et me Christi manibus
Totum commendaui.

72

Neuer hence-forth shalt thou
The light behold,
Thou must bee alter'd
To another hue:
Thou art a Souldier
Of our Campe enrol'd,
Such is the comfort
That in hell is due.

73

THen I awaked
Full of feare,
And much amased
My selfe did reare:
To God, I said,
With foulded hands,
O shield mee from
Such grieuous bands.

The Authour concludeth.

74

I left the world,
And it forsooke:
Of goods and lands
No care I tooke:
I did renounce each
Worldly thing,
And gaue my selfe
To Christ my King.

75

Ecce mundus moritur
Vitio sepultus,
Ordo rerum vertitur,
Sapiens fit stultus,
Exulat iustitia,
Cessat Christi cultus,
Et in mundo iugiter
Labor & tumultus.

76

Mundus ad interitum
Pergit his diebus,
Dij facti sunt iterum
Iuppiter & Phœbus,
Nam qui mundum possidet,
Et abundat rebus,
Hic vt Deus collitur,
Sceptris, aciebus.

77

Et quæ theologicæ
Virtutes vocantur:
Fides, Spes, & Charitas,
Ferè suffocantur.
Fraus, & auaritia,
Et quæ deriuantur,
Ex his, iam in seculo
Toto dominantur.

75

The world is drown'd
In sinne and vice,
All order chang'd
Not one man wise;
Both Iustice, and
Religion lost,
And all the world
In turmoile tost.

76

The world to ruine
Runnes amaine,
False Gods are now
Set vp againe:
Vnto the rich
Their hands men hold,
Hee is the God
That hath the gold.

77

The vertues of
Diuinity
Are chok't,
Faith, hope, and charity,
The brood of
Couetise and craft,
Beare all the sway,
And sit aloft,

78

Si sis ortu nobilis,
Si vultu serenus,
Si benignus, humilis,
Moribusque plenus,
Hæc nil tibi proderunt,
Si tu sis egenus.
Sola nam pecunia
Formam dat & genus.

79

Dummodo sim splendidis
Vestibus ornatus,
Et multa familia
Sim circumuallatus,
Prudens sim & sapiens
Et morigeratus,
Ego tuus nepos sum,
Tu meus cognatus.

80

Ista cum defecerint,
Statim euanescit,
Nostra consanguinitas
Morte refrigescit,
Cessatque notitia,
Ita quod me nescit,
Qui dum dives fueram,
Surgens mihi cessit.

78.

Bee thou noble,
Wiſe and faire,
Courteous,
Lowly, debonaire,
And poore, thou maiſt
Do what thou can,
But onely money
Makes the man.

79

If I be clad in rich array,
And well attended euery day,
Both wiſe & good I ſhall be thought,
My kinred alſo ſhall be ſought.
I am (ſay men)
The caſe is cleere,
Your coſen ſir,
A kinſman neere.

80

But if the world
Do change and frowne,
Our kinred is
No longer knowne:
Nor I remembred
Any more
By them that honoured
Me before.

81

O miranda vanitas!
O diuitiarum
Amor lamentabilis!
O virus amarum!
Cur tot viros inficis
Faciendo carum
Hoc quod transit citius,
Quàm flamma stuparum?

82

Si mundus diuitibus
Tria posset dare:
Iuuentutem floridam,
Et mortem vitare,
Pulchram & durabilem
Prolem procreare,
Benè Possent diuites
Nummos congregare.

83

Homo miser cogita,
Mors ista compescit.
Quis est ab initio
Qui morti non cessit?
Hic si viuit hodie,
Cras fortè putrescit.
Cuique prorsus hominum
Parcere iam nescit.

81

O vanity!
Vile loue of mucke,
Foule poyſon
Wherefore haſt thou ſtrucke
Thy ſelfe ſo deepe,
To raiſe ſo high,
Things vaniſhing
So ſodainely.

82

For if the world
Could three things giue,
Luſty youth,
And long to liue,
Children ſtrong,
And faire of feature,
Riches then were
A good treaſure.

83

But know (poore foole)
Theſe end with death,
From firſt till now,
All looſe their breath:
Liuing to day
To morrow gone,
All fleſh muſt die,
Death ſpareth none.

84

Quando genus hominum
Morti deputatur:
Quò post morem transeat
Quisquam, ignoratur.
Vnde quidem sapiens
Ita de se fatur:
Contremisco iugiter,
Dum mens meditatur,
Quid sum, & quo propero,
Quid mihi paratur.

85

De morte dum cogito,
Contristor & ploro,
Vnum est, quòd moriar,
Et tempus ignoro:
Tertium, quod nescio,
Quorum iungar choro,
Sed, vt suis valeam
Iungi, Deum oro.

FINIS.

84

And as it's certaine all muſt die,
So whither they go, none can deſcry,
Which made a wiſe man thus to ſay;
I quake and tremble night and day,
Firſt thinking of my preſent caſe,
Then of that ſtrange & feareful place
To which I muſt: but ſpecially
Of that which ther's prepar'd for me.

85

Thinking of death I ſigh and weepe,
For 3 things which in heart I keepe;
That dye I muſt; but know not when:
Nor who ſhall be my fellow then.
Therefore to thee (my God) I pray,
That I may liue with thee for aye.

THE END.